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ONE HUNDRED SELECTIONS

FROM

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

A STUDY

WITH BLANKS FOR COMPLETION,

ARRANGED FOR

COLLEGES,

ACADEMIES,

SOCIETIES and

SHAKESPEAREAN STUDENTS.

By B. J. Lowell

St. Johnsbury
Vt. S. H. Smith
1891

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ST. JOHNSBURY, VERMONT.

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L. W. Rowell, Printer—St. Johnsbury.

His cares are now all ended.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Some are born great, some achieve greatness ;
Some have greatness thrust upon them.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust,
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

To thine self be true
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

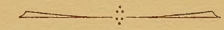
Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Play :

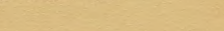
Act, Scene, Player,



By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.

Play :

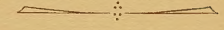
Act, Scene, Player,



By relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own.

Play :

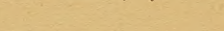
Act, Scene, Player,



Sorrows' heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,



Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death which is no more.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

A light heart lives long.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Of nature's gifts thou might'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.

Play :

Act. Scene, Player,

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
Till, by broadspreading, it disperse to nought.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

In love, the heavens themselves do guard the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Most to preserve it.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

* * * * *

Let the end try the man.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player.

Look, he is winding up the watch of his wit,
By and by it will strike.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But soorly seek how to redress their harms.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player.

Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angel faces, but heaven knows your hearts.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Naught I did in hate, but all in honour.

Play :

Act, *Scene,* *Player,*

My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires.

Play :

Act, *Scene,* *Player,*

If it be a sin to covet honour
I am the most offending soul alive.

Play :

Act, *Scene,* *Player,*

Full of ambition,
An envious emulator of every man's good parts.

Play :

Act, *Scene,* *Player,*

Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point ;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblazon the honour that thy master got.

Play :

Act, *Scene,* *Player,*

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

O she doth teach the torch to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Time is the old justice * *
And let Time try.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

The time of life is short! .
To spend that shortness basely were too long.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

On our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

I am not in the roll of common men.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

Do not for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

God and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

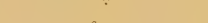
Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

Lord, we know what we are,
But know not what we may be.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,



To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength into your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

COURAGE

Courage mounteth with occasion.

Play:

Act, *Scene,* *Player,*

Carry with us eyes and ears for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Play:

Act, *Scene,* *Player,*

In a false quarrel
There is no true valor.

Play:

Act, *Scene,* *Player,*

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Play:

Act, *Scene,* *Player,*

Arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high power
That governs us below.

Play:

Act, *Scene,* *Player,*

O call back yesterday, bid time return.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

From the four corners of the earth they came,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

There is no time so miserable
But a man may be true.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

No ill luck stirring but what
Lights on my shoulders.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

My little body is aweary of this great world.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

We are not alone all unhappy;
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

My desires run not before mine honor.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

You do take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

It makes us or mars us, think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honor'd in the breach than the observance.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

As you shall prove us, praise us.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

Keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an unforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

Those friends thou hast, and them their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

Their best conscience,
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

PATIENCE

How poor are they that have not patience!

Play:

Act, *Scene,* *Player,*

A very little thief of occasion
Will rob you of a great deal of patience.

Play:

Act, *Scene,* *Player,*

A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents.

Play:

Act, *Scene,* *Player,*

Keep me in patience; and, with ripened time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up.

Play:

Act, *Scene,* *Player,*

Arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Play:

Act, *Scene,* *Player,*

Joy's soul lies in the doing.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain simple vow that is vow'd true.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur my journey.

Play :

Act, Scene, Player,

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

Play :
Act, Scene, Player,

Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Play :
Act, Scene, Player,

Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.

Play :
Act, Scene, Player,

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Play :
Act, Scene, Player,

Wisdom and fortune combatting together ;
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.

Play :
Act, Scene, Player,

Forbear to judge for we are sinners all.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

Do you not know I am a woman?
When I think, I must speak.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

The web of our life is of mingled yarn;
Good and ill together.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player.

All faults I make
When I shall come to know them,
I do repent.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

At war 'twixt will and will not.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Another thing to fall.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

One sin, I know,
Another doth provoke.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

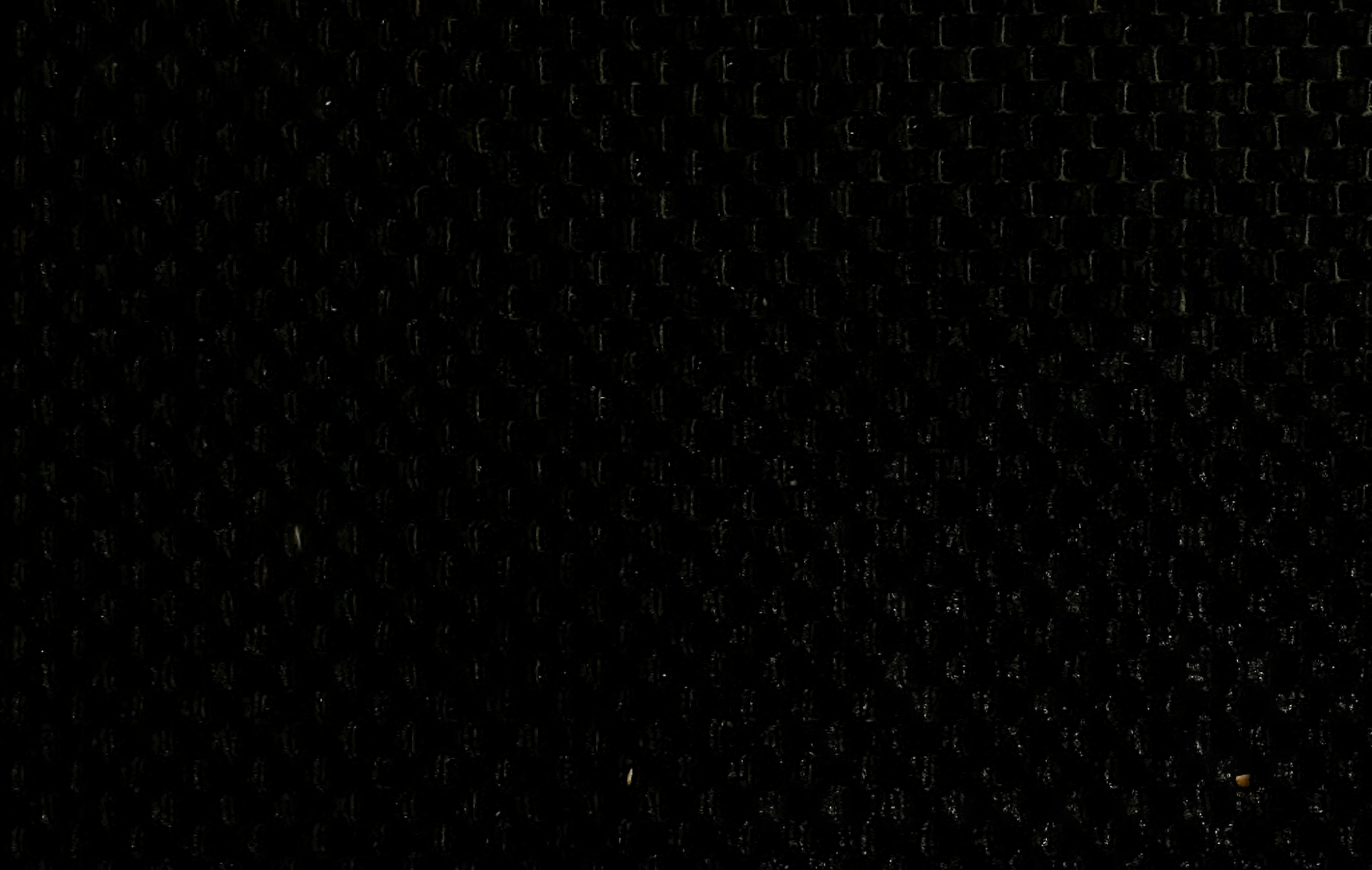
They say, if money go before,
All ways do lie open.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Play:

Act, Scene, Player,

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